

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "Not Mistaken Or Faked"

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Long for breath on the back of your neck and an arm
on your waist
A look of adoration you know is not mistaken or faked
He questions the validity of his life
Hair grows thin as skin grows thick
His eyes convey an emptiness only a lifetime of loss
can create
He questions the validity of his life
Hair grows thin as skin grows thick
His money in the bank saving for some days that will
never come
Sitting in the chair that has held his body for twenty-
some-odd years
He watches re-runs and breaths the same air

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